

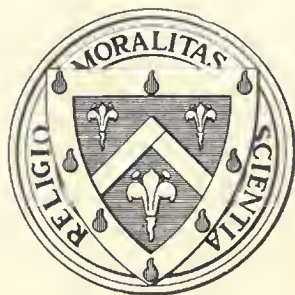
MEASURE

SPRING

1944



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MEASURE

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Newman And His Friends

RICHARD J. KISSNER

Perhaps a man must always at some time lose his friends, but seldom are the items of the story as important as these, serious not only for a man, his family, and his group, but disturbing to an entire nation. So great is the power of the soul.

There have been many volumes and articles written concerning the Oxford Movement and Newman's conversion. Most of these works merely interpret and develop the history of the saintly Cardinal's religious tenets. Cardinal Newman himself has written that illustrious volume, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. And it is the apologetic history of his contemplative life complete, the chief authority for Newman's early thoughts. It is my aim, however, to set forth an extremely limited treatise concerning the consequences of Newman's action.

In his early years Newman was very irresolute about his religion. Yet he was deeply religious and very much influenced by the Calvinistic views of his French mother. He had formed no religious convictions until he reached the age of fifteen. He was brought up a child to take great delight in reading the Bible. In 1822 he entered Oriel College, "the nursery of the Oxford Movement." Here he became a great leader in the Anglican phase of this Movement. In the Anglican phase only? No, indeed. In 1845 Newman submitted to the Catholic Church, and his action created a disturbance among his nearest relatives, among his friends, among the Catholic world, and among the Anglican world.

Cardinal Newman, through his lovable personality, had gained a secure place in the hearts of many, among whom were Keble and Pusey. Newman, Keble, and Pusey were known as the trusted three. "Nothing is more touching than how the love of Newman survived among his Oxford friends who did not follow him into the Catholic church, yet by his conversion he dealt them the most cruel blow it was possible to inflict," is the account of Sister M. Kiener.

At Oriel College Newman met Keble, who converted him to Anglo-Catholicism. Newman and Keble became most intimate, and as the years progressed their friendship gained strength. And when the news of Newman's reception into the Roman Church reached Keble, he wrote: "You (Newman) have been a kind and helpful friend to me in a way in which scarce anyone else could have been, and you are so mixed up in my mind with old and dear and sacred thoughts, that I cannot bear well to part with you—most unworthy as I know myself to be—and

yet I cannot go along with you. I must cling to the belief that we are not really parted . . .” These words partially voiced Keble’s reactions to Newman’s conversion. The two would be separated in their religious convictions, but they would still be linked closely together by their lasting friendship.

And now let us turn our attention toward Edward B. Pusey’s reactions to Cardinal Newman’s conversion. Mr. Pusey, an Anglican minister, was the third member of the “trinity” of Newman, Keble, and Pusey. Newman was equally devoted to Pusey, as he was to Keble. After Pusey’s beloved wife died, “Newman, who cared so deeply for Pusey that he dared not tell him plainly that he was on his death-bed as an Anglican, went to see him on the morning of her (Pusey’s wife’s) death. Newman was the only friend Pusey saw.” And this friendship would see no end even though “Newman’s secession was Pusey’s veriest, sharpest purgatory. When the threefold cord of Newman, Keble, and Pusey was broken, Pusey’s heart was broken.” On the night of Newman’s farewell sermon at Littlemore, Pusey wrote to his brother: “I am just returned, half broken-hearted, from the commemoration at Littlemore. The sermon was like one of Newman’s in which self was altogether repressed. It implied rather than said Farewell . . . People sobbed audibly, and I, who officiated at the altar, could scarcely help mingling sorrow with that Feast . . .” From these words we can readily realize what a “thunderbolt” it was to Pusey when he learned that his confidant had reached the truth of the Roman Church. He had always been waiting the day when Newman would emerge from the darkness of uncertainty into the light of the Anglican Church.

Edward B. Pusey was a leader; he was an influential leader in the Anglican Church. At the same time he was an intimate friend of Newman and he knew how well Newman was loved. Consequently, he realized that he was not the only one to suffer from Newman’s action. He was able to comprehend the vastness of the loss to the Anglican Church. On March 21, he wrote: “Besides our personal loss, it is a break-up, and I suppose such a rent as our Church has never had. Besides those already settled, hundreds will be carried from us.” The Church of England “reeled under the shock.” Gladstone in reference to Newman’s conversion, said that the year 1845 marked “the greatest victory which the Church had gained since the Reformation.” Newman had been a great leader in the Anglican phase of the Oxford Movement, and his conversion led to many others. “A multitude followed him, a multitude which is yet growing in numbers day by day, for the Oxford Movement and the conversion of Newman formed the dual initiatory force in the restoration of Catholicity in England.” Newman’s submission to the Catholic Faith started a Catholic revival which England and the Catholic world shall never forget.

The younger disciples of Newman seemed the most eager, the most willing to follow him. It was not easy for those who copied Newman's action, because their submission would require many changes in their way of living. The married Clergymen especially would have to make many sacrifices. In Thureau-Dangin's work on the English Catholic revival we have this account: "The influx of converts who had come over after Newman's surrender was already beginning to produce a really embarrassing problem. In a great number of cases, and particularly for the married Clergymen, conversion involved the immediate sacrifice of occupation and livelihood."

Many of Newman's dearest friends, on the other hand, refused to tread the path which Newman had cleared for them. Pusey, Marriott, Rogers, Isaac Williams, and Church, did not follow Newman's action. They remained on the shore which Newman had left.

But now let us view the situation from Newman's viewpoint to find out Newman's feelings and the effects his conversion had upon himself. Thus we can learn how Newman's friends had carried on with him after his surrender to the Catholic Church. Newman made a sacrifice which very few are willing to make. There were others who entered the Church of Rome, but they did not hold the position that Newman held, nor were they in any way similar to him. In regard to Newman's sacrifices, Sister M. Kiener states that "He parted with two worlds: the Anglican by forsaking her creed, once he saw the full import of its tenets, and the Catholic world in the sense that his views were frequently discountenanced by his fellow-Catholics." On his final parting from Littlemore, Cardinal Newman writes: "I am here today by myself—all my friends gone—and the books . . . I have had a very trying time, parting with the people. I came into this bower by myself—I quit it by myself." Thus the sacrifice was complete. Newman had renounced everything—his position, his friends, even his family, no members of which followed him in his conversion—and had joined himself to men he did not know, against whom he was prejudiced, and many of whom were also prejudiced against him.

Newman was victorious, although he lost many who were near and dear to him. Newman conquered, and the Church of Rome conquered. The "festal bower" of friendship Newman reached, but he found it friendless. Did he turn back? No. He marched onward to meet Christ's Establishment, and finally he became one of its champions.

Finally, I might quote Sister M. Kiener in regard to Newman's friendly relations. Sister Kiener says: "The relations of Newman with his friends are an endless theme . . . His name is written large in the hearts of many whose lives felt the shaping influence of his strong and tender personality."

Newman's conversion caused another Reformation in England, but this time it was genuinely Catholic.

Security Through Blood

ALTON J. BACKS

*To the building of morale, to the destruction of fear,
to the aid of all that is strong and brave comes blood---
yours and mine, American blood, and this is its story.*

I spent some very interesting days at home during the holiday season, but I also heard the most interesting story of the progress being made in medicine during this war. It happened that there were quite a few servicemen on the bus which I took home over the holidays. Well, I happened to sit down with one of the sailors who was a tall, slender fellow. I noticed that he was a pharmacist's mate by the insignia on his arm, and had seemingly seen plenty of foreign duty by the various colored little bars pinned on the front of his dress jumper.

After a minute or two he started the conversation, which later proved to be very worthwhile, by asking me about my destination. It was then that I noticed that two of his front teeth were missing. Seeing two missing front teeth on a sailor was quite a surprise to me. I then remembered the little service bar on his jumper and figured that he might have lost his teeth in the line of duty. The conversation between the two of us progressed as we traveled along, but the two missing front teeth still fascinated me.

My curiosity must have gotten the best of me, because I finally did ask him the reason for the two missing teeth.

"Well, he said, "it won't do any harm to tell you where I received this slight injury, compared to the other ones I received, for the details of the battle in which I received those injuries have been explained to the people of the United States.

"It happened during a battle off Savo Island in the Solomons in which I was a participant. We were throwing everything we had at those Japs. I had already seen two cruisers sunk before I was wounded.

"Somehow or other one of those Jap ships slipped a shell through the smoke and fire of the battle. I was down in the bulkhead when that whining devil came through the bulkhead, and lit everything up—a bright pink. I jumped to my feet as the shell exploded and was wounded in twelve places. There were a lot of smaller wounds, and that's where I got these two front teeth shot out also.

"Everyone was killed at my station except me. I finally managed to crawl toward a first aid station where they rushed me to the sick bay. They soon started to give me plasma which seemed to invigorate me considerably. That plasma really does something for you. Why, I know that

I wouldn't have lived through the remainder of that battle if I hadn't gotten it. I had lost so much blood it just wasn't possible for me to live without an enormous transfusion of blood. Since that time, I have received five plasma transfusions, six whole blood transfusions and thirty-two saline-glucose injections. Yes sir, medicine is really progressing in a hurry these days.

"You know, the transfusing of blood had its scientific origin already in the seventeenth century; however, the art of successfully transfusing human blood was not developed until the twentieth century. Little work had been performed on it since 1667, but in the year 1818, James Blundell came forth with his 'rediscovery' of blood transfusion. His 'rediscovery' once more stimulated interest in transfusion, among the physicians of England. Following Blundell's work, therapeutic use of blood transfusion gradually increased even though blood typing or grouping was not discovered until 1900 by young Karl Landsteiner of Austria. Landsteiner announced that all human blood consisted of three distinct types. Jansky and Moss, two of his pupils, later discovered the fourth group. In transfusing blood from one donor to a recipient it was necessary to have each person's blood of the same matching type in order to avert the violent reactions that frequently occurred when matching of types was unknown. With the knowledge of blood typing revealed to scientists, many other ideas concerning blood transfusion were introduced."

As we traveled nearer and nearer to our destination, he related to me many more interesting things about blood transfusion of which he had made a very careful study. Seemingly, many difficulties had been encountered before 1914 in the transfusing of blood when the blood had clotted during the transfusion, causing discouraging results. These clots, called embolisms, would often lodge in one of the heart's valves causing instant death to the recipient of the blood. Then, the employment of sodium citrate as an anticoagulant was introduced in 1914. With this new discovery and the opening of World War I, impetus was given to the general adoption of transfusion. Transfusion, with the donor absent at the time of the transfusion, was experimented with considerably after the Armistice, and by 1928 "bank" blood transfusions were being employed in Russia. Experimenting with blood plasma had been continuing slowly with little interest since the last world conflict. This fluid substance, plasma, the liquid part of blood—the fluid which remains after the red and white corpuscles have been removed—was soon destined to be the most-experimented-with substance of its era. With the approach of World War II renewed interest in plasma transfusion resulted.

Inspiring results on the use of preserved plasma in the treatment of shock were realized by 1938. The treatment of burn-shock with plasma was soon discovered thereafter. Hostilities among the nations of the world soared on to new heights with the result that casualties also in-

creased. But now reports of effective use of plasma in the therapy of war casualties appeared, and in 1941, Kendrick, an American, proposed the employment of plasma for the prevention and treatment of shock in the combat zone. It was now concluded that plasma was effective in restoring blood volume lost from the effects of shock and hemorrhage in air raid casualties. Drs. M. Strumia and John J. McGraw of this country have since then experimented extensively with plasma, and have firmly established the practical value of plasma for the maintenance of blood pressure, blood volume, and serum proteins in treatment of shock, burns, and the abnormal decrease in the amount of protein in blood.

How fortunate were we that these two men came forth from their laboratories with these great medical discoveries, just in time to save tens of thousands of lives which otherwise would be lost. Their treatments were not extremely complicated nor was their substance used in treatment a rarity. Their fluid substance, plasma, was made up of about 92 percent of water in which were dissolved salts of sodium, calcium, potassium, and phosphorus along with albumen, soluble proteins consisting of fibrinogen and prothrombin, and fatty substances. More and more transfusions of plasma were displaying their fresh advantage over transfusing of whole blood at every new transfusion.

No longer was it necessary to obtain a suitable donor with the correct type of blood, nor was it necessary to have the donor present at the transfusion. Plasma transfusions required no matching of blood types and could be safely stored in large quantities for long periods without deterioration and be ready for instant use. Properly prepared plasma had the advantage over whole blood in that it freed the recipient from reactions, with the exception of relatively rare cases of a mild inflammatory disease of the skin, could be given in much larger quantities than whole blood, and would lend itself to administration in concentrated form, if this were desirable. Plasma could be considered a satisfactory substitute for whole blood in almost all transfusions except in cases of hemorrhage, or cases similar to it, where serious depletion of red blood cells requires whole blood. Therefore the blood bank of the present will still not be entirely displaced by plasma.

With all these advantages expounded, it is no wonder that the armed services, anticipating the great need for blood substitutes, speedily engaged various licensed biological firms in the program of processing dried plasma. The problem of obtaining sufficient blood donors now faced the armed services, but this was readily solved. They soon enlisted the staff of the Red Cross to establish blood donor collecting stations throughout the country.

The American Red Cross went about efficiently setting up these stations, and was soon procuring lifesaving blood. In 1942 blood was

procured to the total of 1,300,000 pints. Finding that amazing results were obtained through the use of plasma, the Army and Navy requested an additional 4,000,000 pints of blood by the end of 1943. This would bring the total amount of blood requested by the Army and Navy to 5,300,000 pints, but large figures become meaningless. From one standpoint, it is just another figure. But if these figures were suddenly reduced to human terms, we would find that these 5,300,000 pints of blood amounted to more than two thousand tons of human blood or all the blood present in about 379,000 humans. This goal must be met if we plan to keep the number of military personnel killed in action to a minimum. The Army and Navy physicians are not the only ones asking for more plasma, but the combatants themselves.

These fighting men know what wonderful effects plasma produces in the wounded, for they have seen some of their own wounded friends apparently without chances for remaining alive, recover in a comparatively short time. Each soldier and sailor goes into action with a great feeling of security behind him. He knows that, however seriously injured he may be, if he be anywhere near some first-aid station, he will have more than a halfway chance of surviving. Every combatant realizes that within ten minutes after he is wounded he will be given blood plasma in an endeavor to save his life. That plasma gets an A-1 priority right up to the battle lines is a known fact to him. He also realizes that it takes not just one pint of blood, but many pints — in some cases gallons of blood plasma—to enable him to recover from his injuries. Some of his friends who have been injured recently return to the front telling him of the new and improved treatments they have received with blood and plasma. He soon knows that constant experimentation with blood in laboratories far from the scene of battle is producing the latest treatments for war casualties.

From countless laboratories flow derivatives or by-products of blood for the use of our armed forces in combating disease and injury. Gamma globulin containing protective antibodies and used in injections for the halting of virus disease is one of the recent derivatives discovered. Another derivative, albumen, the factor in blood that prevents and remedies shock, which causes the greatest and most immediate danger to injured persons, has been found responsible for 85 percent of the antishock qualities of the blood serum. The unfortunate part about blood serum is that the albumen it contains exists in small amounts. It takes sixteen times the volume of blood to counteract shock as compared to the volume of pure albumen. Albumen cannot replace blood serum for all purposes in the treatment of shock for in some cases both serum and cells are necessary. Also from serum comes fibrinogen and thrombin which when used separately are a means of treating severe burns. This fibrinogen is nothing more than a protein of the blood from which fibrin, a protein

which collects into mesh-like forms, is mainly derived. The thrombin is an enzyme, present in clotted but not in circulating blood, which converts fibrinogen into fibrin. Plasma itself, not one of its derivatives, is now being used as food for abdominal cases unable to be fed otherwise. Waste products, otherwise removed in preparation of plasma, are also being saved and converted into therapeutic uses.

Red corpuscles otherwise discarded in the processing of plasma are now being used in a type of poultice for hastening the healing of open wounds. Red blood cells making up slightly less than half of the volume of whole blood are being transfused instead of whole blood in the treatment of anemia. It has been found that reactions to the transfusions of red blood cells, such as fever, and chills, are less common than when the whole blood is used. Since these cells, suspended in a small amount of residual plasma, must be used within three to five days after being drawn from the donor, they are not able to be shipped all over the world to our armed forces. Our armed forces' hospitals are making use of them, however, in this country. Even alkalized beef plasma is now being experimented with and may be found to be reliable for transfusion. Perhaps, after this beef plasma has been found to be reliable for transfusions the need for human blood plasma will be decreased, but until then it will be necessary for the populace of the world to provide this lifesaving blood.

To provide the required security that our fighting men are pleading for it will be necessary for the people of America to meet the present goal of 5,300,000 pints of human blood requested by the Army and Navy. If the goal is surpassed, so much the better, for every pint will contribute to the saving of another life that might have been lost. Every American who has the chance of donating just one pint of blood will have given a chance to some serviceman to return to this country and to his loved ones again. The cost is small, the result is so great.

Thomas Reborn

WILLIAM J. SCHENK

A Giant is fairly recognizable because we see so much of ourselves looming over us when he is near. In the master here portrayed we see so much that is close and intimate to us all that we recognize the man, albeit a great one and a holy.

Six years ago a giant of a man died quietly in his home in England. Though he was six feet, three inches in height and weighed nearly four hundred pounds, he was not called a giant because of his elephant-like proportions. Acknowledged to be the greatest thinker of England at his death, this man, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, was an intimate friend of all the great writers of England of his day, as Belloc, Baring, Wells, and Kipling, and did not have an enemy in all England. Though baptized a Christian, he was a pagan at twelve, an agnostic at sixteen, and Anglican at thirty, and in the last ten years of his life, a Catholic. Even though a Catholic in fact for only ten years, he gave a more powerful, striking, and effective expression to the teachings and doctrines of the Catholic church than anyone since the great Newman.

But many people, even Catholics, do not understand this greatest of modern Catholic writers. True, most people regarded him as England's foremost thinker. Everyone acknowledged his brilliant logic in argumentation; for no one, including Bernard Shaw, ever withstood him in debate. Still people who read some of his wild adventure stories, after listening to one of his debates, asked if they came from the same man. Merely to say that a thing is "Chestertonian" implies that it started out one way, as a *History of England* or an *Autobiography*, and ended up in a brilliant denouncement of Puritanism and prohibition, or a life of contemporary writers. Was the great mind so great that it could not limit itself to one subject? His poetry, too, at times, reaches most sublime heights, as in *Lepanto* or *the Donkey*. But in the next moment we find him, as Joyce Kilmer says, "Writing in a grotesquely inappropriate style, as in his 'E.B.C.' " As for his novels, "What could be more hallucinatory than Chesterton's novels? They are not so much literary productions as the enfevered paroxysms of a Faith, of an intuitive travail to create."

The reader who is trying him for the first time, finds himself at a loss. He cannot fathom the actions of Chesterton's lunatics, for most of the characters in his novels would be called "crazy" by the cold materialistic standard of the 20th century. In *Manalive*, for example, the hero is

brought to court for bigamy. Records show he has been married ten times in the past seven years without a single divorce. But upon further investigation, it is discovered that he had merely been remarrying his first wife, each time under a different name.

In the *Return of Don Quixote*, a moth eaten librarian, dressed in the yeoman green of Robin Hood, suddenly comes forth from his tomb of books in an English castle, gathers a great army of long bowmen about him, and attacks and greatly perturbs the plutocratic rulers of England. And in *The Napoleon of Nottingham Hill*, four men begin a fantastic war over a small street in a suburb of London, and soon embroil all England in civil war.

But Chesterton seems to be wandering aimlessly in his novels only as long as one does not understand him. Though his characters may appear at first to have no real purpose, or meaning, upon deeper observation, one will find in them allegories more startling and thrilling than any Tennyson ever gave to the *Idylls of the King*.

Chesterton had a purpose deeper and more immovable than most other writers of the century. And being so versatile and imaginative in all forms of literature, he almost blinds us with the wild flights of imagination and brilliant paradoxes which he uses to bring home his ideas. We can best see what a really great purpose he had if we look at the state of religion and morals in England in his day.

He found himself among men who in a large part denied that we can know God intimately, that man had fallen through original sin, and who claimed that reason alone could be trusted to get them out of the mess they were in. George Bernard Shaw brilliantly set forth the principles of the 20th century rationalists. They said that the marriage bond is not binding till death; religions today have their origin in the minds of priests; faith is "humbug;" reason is king.

To defend the reasonableness of faith and the truth of Christian philosophy against the attacks of the agnostics was Chesterton's purpose. To convince men of the excellence of the Christian philosophy, he not only explained it, but what is more important, lived it. In his early life, he had faced the mysteries and evils and apparent contradictions of life which men around him faced. But he had been humble enough to admit that he could not explain them himself. Pure reason could not do it, for he saw what absurd conclusions Shaw and Wells had arrived at by the use of reason. For "Mr. Shaw, having discovered that it was doubtful if any man could be progressive, decided to throw over humanity with all its limitations, and go after a new kind of man—a superman." But Chesterton, after much groping, came to the truth of life, the truth that says that man is but a finite limited creature of God: "That Man can only understand everything by the help of what he does not understand

. . . by allowing one thing to be mysterious (God) everything else becomes lucid."

In keeping with his philosophy, then, he lived joyfully, because, as he said, he had something to be joyful over. He was one of the happiest married men in England. He enjoyed the friendship of everyone he met. He delighted in conversation, eating, drinking, and singing. And in all these things, life was very close to a fairy tale for him. As he said, he had been put into this world by God, the great magician, through a wonderful generosity; he had been given eyes with which to see the wonderful two-legged men who moved about him, made signs at him, and walked with him; he had been given ears to hear the beautiful laughter of these creatures, to hear them weep and sing, to hear them express their love with soft, tender words, their hate with ringing, vengeful wacries. It was worth being joyful over, to know that this creature whom Shaw said must develop into a superman, was already more wonderful than any purely human superman Shaw could ever invent. Of course he knew man's faults. "The same man knows that he has a touch of the beast, a touch of the devil, a touch of the saint, and a touch of the citizen."

But he says elsewhere:

"Man is a spark flying upwards. God is everlasting.

Who are we, to whom this cup of human life has been given, to ask for more? Let us love mercy and walk humbly.

What is man that thou regardest him?

Man is a star unquenchable. God is in him incarnate.

His life is planned upon a scale colossal; of which he sees glimpses.

Let him dare all things, claim all things; he is the son of Man, Who shall come in the clouds of glory."

He saw man and wrote about man as he really is—the most wonderful creation of an infinite God, a creature destined for love and happiness incomparably above the strongest love of a man for country, home, children, or wife; but still a creature who had had his choice between this infinite God and the tree of good and evil, and had chosen the tree.

His joy was for him a means of giving thanks. He had no easy life, either in mind, body, or soul, but it seemed that he pledged himself to God in return for the over-powering, almost surfeiting love and goodness in making him and the magnificent creation, and giving him a chance to enjoy it. And one can imagine him saying: "Oh great Fairy Magician, since you have given me all these wonderful magic gifts which I do no more deserve than Cinderella did her royal pumpkin coach, I shall spend my life thanking you for them, by enjoying them, by being happy not only with the things other people are happy over, but with everything that comes with them, even though I can't see, at times, the

reasons for the limitations, as leaving the ball before 12:00. But still I won't grumble, because I didn't deserve to know about the ball, much less attend it."

It almost seems that Chesterton was raised up by Providence in this 20th century to knock us by flashing paradoxes and wild fairy tales into the realization that we are but creatures. Shaw and Wells preached the doctrine that each man is a little god and his own lawgiver, and therefore, not responsible to anyone but himself. But it is not only these men—it is the spirit of the age that declares that science is more important than religion, that going to a dance on Saturday night is better for a man than going to church on Sunday morning, that being comfortable and enjoying freedom and leisure is more desirable than the inconveniences and nuisances of bringing little children into the world. Against all this Chesterton revolted. He preached that Religion, the study of God the creator, is more important than science, the study of what He created; that dancing is good, but going to church on Sunday to give thanks for the dancing is better; that a child is the greatest creation of man and woman, so great that a single one of them, though he were Caesar, Cleopatra, Shakespeare, or Elizabeth, could never create it alone. "He is a creation and a contribution; he is their own creative contribution to creation. He is also a much more beautiful, wonderful, amusing and astonishing thing than any of the stale stories or jingling jazz tunes turned out by radio or movie."

Always he was fighting for this one end—to knock men back to normality, to make men see things as they really are, to make men stop trying to be gods, and remember that they are creatures, to make men appreciate the fact they have been given the wonderful chance to be creatures. In the last year of his life, when his body, worn out with the tremendous strain it had had to make to follow his mind, caused him great suffering, he could still write in his *Autobiography*:

"The doctrine I should always have liked to teach—is the idea of taking things with gratitude, and not taking things for granted . . . The aim of life is appreciation; there is no sense in not appreciating things, and there is no sense in having more of them if you have less appreciation of them."

It was this desire to awake people to an appreciation of truth and God that impelled him to write the novels, poetry, political newspapers, dramas, and essays that engrossed his whole life. He did not care for the fame they brought him. If they could make men realize what he wanted, he would gladly have had his name forgotten by all. He was not trying for lasting fame or glory. He was trying for the glory of God. The fact that much of his writing was poor was due to the haste with which he was forced to write to contradict some false public statement or argument. That was his life's work—blotting out falsehoods, and bringing men to

the real truth—not attaining great literary fame. In over half of his books, he gives in the preface some such reason as: “I am writing this book to bring out the errors in a recent book by Wells” or “to convince some person who disagrees with some of my principles.”

However in trying to sum up Chesterton, I do not want to stop here. To me Chesterton is more than a man who saw the truth and lived it; he is one who saw the truth vividly and lived it heroically. As C. C. Martindale, S.J., an intimate friend of Chesterton, says in the appendix to his translation of *Chesterton, Belloc, and Baring*:

“Charity; Justice; Humility—these are (his) great virtues. May I end this section with a tremendous, comprehensive and transcendent word—Holiness. I have heard it used, but in whispers, privately by friends who wept with the most painful yet not despondent tears at his funeral or afterwards. I have always wished myself to make use of it. Pious—we knew that: Orthodox—that was obvious: but ‘Holy’—akin to the saints? Dare we say that? Enough to have asked ourselves whether it should not especially be *that* that we ought to say.”

The greatest reason why most people have hesitated to use the word “holy” in connection with Chesterton was his lack of asceticism. True, it is an obstacle, but not necessarily an impassible one. Asceticism, as fasting, is seemingly an aid to holiness in two ways: first, it clears the path, as it were, for an approach to God. It does away with most of the thought and attention that we ordinarily give to our food in order that more thought and attention can be given to God. But with Chesterton, as with St. Thomas Aquinas, this negative aid was not necessary. His mind was great enough to use the very thing that is a hindrance to most of us, as a means to attain his end. He didn’t look upon food as the end of existence or a means of existence. He didn’t live to eat, or eat to live. He didn’t look at food or drink in that way. He ate to give thanks. He enjoyed eating; he enjoyed it immensely. And as I said above, he gave thanks to God by enjoying. So he ate much and gave much thanks.

The second way in which asceticism helps man is in meriting through suffering. Here, it is true, Chesterton, in the ordinary meaning of asceticism was not heroic. But is the asceticism of the body the only kind of asceticism? Here is what Maisie Ward says in the biography about this:

“The *Everlasting Man* and *St. Francis* seem to me the highest expression of Gilbert’s mysticism. I have hesitated to use the word for it is not one to be used lightly but I can find no other. Like most Catholics I have been wont to believe that to be a mystic a man must first be an ascetic and Gilbert was not an ascetic in the ordinary sense. But is there not for the thinker an asceticism of the mind, very searching, very purifying? In his youth he had told Bently that creative writing was the hardest of hard labour. That sense of the pressure of thought that made

Newman call creative writing 'getting rid of pain by pain:' the profound depression that often follows; the exhaustion that seems like a bottomless pit. St. Theresa said the hardest penance was easier than mental prayer: was not much of Gilbert's thought contemplation?

"Faith, thanksgiving, love, surely these, far above bodily asceticism, can so clear a man's eyesight that he may fittingly be called a mystic since he sees God everywhere. The less a man thinks of himself the more he thinks of his good luck and of all the gifts of God."

I mentioned St. Thomas in regard to asceticism, for in bodily size the two men were quite similar. But the idea strikes me that the similarity may go much further. Both were extremely great thinkers. Their writings are profound and require intense concentration. But further than this: Was G.K.C. to the 20th century what St. Thomas was to the 13th? The 13th was brilliant and outstanding in the depth and correctness of its philosophic and theologic thinking, but before Thomas came, it was destroying itself with the struggles between the different great schools and thinkers. Then Thomas came and gave expression to it. He unified the thought. He had insight and perception clear enough to see what was correct in the opposing factions, and combined them all into one great expression of Catholic philosophy.

Now the 20th century is astounding for all its material progress. Material progress is very good in itself. It increases men's leisure and the time they can give to the pursuit of the higher things of life, and in this a chance for greater happiness. But the 20th century has been using the very improvements and potential means of happiness for its own destruction. Automobiles and movies and radios are helping to destroy the very backbone of civilization, the family. The great labor saving machines, instead of helping man, are enslaving him. And Chesterton took these possible improvements and with great foresight pointed out the good in them that we must seek and the evil that we must avoid. He applied the Catholic philosophy to the material progress in an age almost overwhelmed by material progress.

Further similarity lies in the degree in which both men gave themselves to the pursuit of their ideals. They drew more and more away from the practical necessities of life into the world of thought. In summing up Chesterton's life, in "Last Days" Maisie Ward says:

"Father Vincent, who knew him intimately, speaks of him in the last years as heartbroken by public events, as suffering with the pains of creation. 'He was crucified to his thought. Like St. Thomas he was never away from his thought. A fellow friar had to care for Thomas, to feed him 'sicut nutrix' because of his absorption in his thought.' Thus Father Vincent saw Frances (Chesterton's wife) cherishing Gilbert both mind and body."

That, I believe is the truest explanation of Chesterton. He was a

Thomas of Aquinas battling for the complete truth against the men of his day, who, though in good faith, proposed only half truths. He used, not deep philosophic abstractions as Thomas did in the philosophic, ideational 13th century, but startling concrete examples, more suited for the materialistic, sensated 20th century.

He was a St. Paul, using the pen to try to awaken an agnostic generation, weary of life, to the realization of the glories of God. Paul had a biting tongue and a mind ever keyed for arguing, as the Athenians learned when he came to them. Chesterton was weaned on arguments and debates, and spent his early life converting himself, and later, trying to convert others. That he failed to convince men like Shaw and Wells, should not surprise us, since Paul himself failed completely with the Athenians.

This idea may seem strange at first—to consider Chesterton on a basis with Paul and Thomas—but as Martindale says about him:

"Holy, akin to the saints? Dare we say that? Enough to have asked ourselves whether it should not be especially *that* that we ought to say."

Why Philosophy?

NICHOLAS ARIOLI

The shuttlecock most frequently bandied about by a good many philosophers at large and prophets in general is the subject of a liberal education. An essential part of these liberal arts is philosophy; therefore it deserves its own attention in the grand battle. Mr. Arioli is a successful general of his thoughts.

How often students' conversation turns to philosophy and how many different objections are raised against it. It will be said that philosophy is too intangible, that it is most impractical, or that nothing definite is derived from this course other than a few credits. Some will even maintain that philosophy is not a science; or the objection will be raised that since philosophers are constantly debating among themselves, how can a true philosophy be learned. It is important that if it needs defense, philosophy should have a fair trial before too many students today leave college with such mistaken notions.

When the student first enters college he has in mind a definite goal; perhaps he intends to major in medicine, the physical sciences, or in business. In continuing his studies, he gradually learns that history deals with the re-presentation and interpretation of past events; that chemistry undertakes the description and analysis of matter in as far as matter undergoes complete change, and that biology studies the form and manifestations of life. In other words the student acquires some knowledge of the scope of these and other subjects, and that he should continue in them is beyond dispute.

But poor philosophy! The novice is both dubious and skeptical because it impresses him as remote and abstract. His hunger for facts and images is of course satisfied by the other sciences. But philosophy with its depths and far vision seems to offer nothing factual. Furthermore, the philosophical ideas offered the student are not proved in the same concrete manner as are the laws and teaching of other sciences. As a result, the student may wrongly conclude that there is little reason for pursuing the study of philosophy.

Anyone versed in philosophical thought can readily answer these objections which usually come from one inexperienced in philosophy, or from one who but superficially investigates its meaning. Too many students examine philosophy superficially, and then pass judgment condemning it. Ever so many take philosophy as a "breeze" course, usually exerting no effort to grasp its content. And yet it remains

true that next to theology, philosophy is the highest form of human knowledge, the queen of the sciences; it is a means to all virtues, a help to the attainment of the end of man, and a means of advancing in success and happiness.

In order to keep philosophy in its proper level, we must take stock of the objections offered against it. The most common of these is that philosophy is, seemingly, too intangible. Now the way in which philosophy is known, or its formal object, is through the knowledge of ultimate causes of things. Philosophy is not content to regard reality as do the physical sciences which only try to collect data, offer theories, or issue laws concerning natural phenomena. We read for example in physics that "every body continues in its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line unless it is compelled to change its state by the action of impressed forces." Philosophy on the other hand probes more deeply than the mere statement of such a law and asks why this law is what it is, what force keeps this phenomenon true to its law, and who exerts such a force. She will not cease in her investigation until all these questions have been answered.

We must admit then the argument that philosophy is intangible and therefore is purely mere speculation and a product of the imagination? Since philosophy seeks for ultimate reasons of things and not merely for description of the way things act, and since her terms and definitions must be specific and technical to explain its wide scope, she cannot use ordinary language which has many connotations. Here lies the reason for such an objection by many students; because her language is not that which is used in ordinary life. No true science employs the language of the every day man, but has its own technical language. One needs only open any physical science book to realize this. With a little application and deeper thinking no one should have any difficulty in comprehending philosophy.

It seems moreover that many professional students are deceived by the objection that philosophy is impractical. To make mention that every one of us has a definite obligation in order to reach salvation, would seem superfluous because we are all aware of this. But many of us are not aware in what manner we can best and most easily fulfill this obligation. There is a science, a branch of philosophy, which classifies virtues, vices, and duties, and promulgates the rules of right conduct. Ethics then is most practical in the attainment of our end as men which is the primary reason for our mortal existence. On the other hand, in every field of life a person must be able to think clearly and correctly, to meet the many problems which confront him. We can cite an example from the life of a soldier in battle. When every second is most important, when a thoughtless blunder may not only mean the prolongation of the war but also a useless slaughter of human life, the soldier must think

quickly, decisively and clearly. Similarly Logic, which studies the actions of the intellect, has laid down rules for correct thinking to aid us in combating the problems of life. Can anything be more practical than knowledge of these two—ethics and logic?

The other branches of philosophy have practical values also. Psychology tries to teach us to cherish good character and social standing through the knowledge of the nature of the actions and properties of man. The practicability of the other branches of philosophy can also be demonstrated, but a more important contemporary aspect must be discussed—the philosophy of life and of government.

Whether we realize the fact or not, each individual has a philosophy of life, every institution has a philosophy of life, and also every government. We might say that it is a point of view; an attitude which determines one's approach to things; the foundation, as it were, upon which everything is based. But alas, many individuals and states support basically false philosophies. The chaos and disharmony which results when anyone is governed by such falsity are evident. An example from our modern world is easy to grasp. In Russia an institution has been established on the philosophy that every thing and everyone exists for the state alone. The individual is no longer recognized; freedom, considered a hindrance to the state, is consequently abolished; family life is taken lightly and God's existence and nature completely falsified. We can easily see the unhappiness, the slavery, the atheism which have resulted from this system. Moreover these so-called communists are working energetically and successfully to undermine other existing forms of government. These men begin by influencing individuals, groups, and then whole nations. Herein lies one of the reasons for the individual to have a true philosophy. If he lacks truth about these things he will be swallowed in the onrushing current of communism and of other "isms." It is of primary importance then for everyone to have a true philosophy of life lest he be deceived, and this true philosophy of life can only be derived from the study of philosophy.

But one might ask "How can the true philosophy be known when different schools of thought are constantly quarreling among themselves?" In answer we can say that the major portion of philosophy deals essentially with the same things. Only finer points and new fields of endeavor are debated by philosophers. Here, if we may digress, is a good means of sharpening the mind of the student by analyzing the points in question and arriving at a conclusion. It is true, however, that some doctrines taught by some philosophers are flagrantly erroneous. And since they are contrary to evident and certain truth, those who possess truth must disprove error lest it spread far and wide and harm mankind.

Still the obstinate will say that philosophy is not a science, and if anything, it is inferior to the physical sciences. The very definition of

science, however, signifies true and certain knowledge which is more perfect than ordinary knowledge. It signifies knowledge which is obtained by correct observation and thought. Or science may signify cognition of anything that is certain because of a known reason for its being. Philosophy is human knowledge which is more perfect than ordinary knowledge because it knows precisely what a thing is, or of what it is composed, how it acts as it does, and why it acts the way it does. Philosophy arrives at its knowledge in this manner. And therefore philosophy is a science in its own right, more satisfying and deeper than the empirical sciences.

In conclusion let us hope that this essay has proven helpful to those of us who have a biased opinion of the position of philosophy in education. Philosophy makes education meaningful and desirable, and education without philosophy is worthless. An educated person, as Socrates pointed out, is "One who is able to define one's own terms, to think clearly, to know one's own mind, one's own intentions." And if we may add to Socrates, an educated college student is one who enters the world with more than a means to earn a living; he knows from philosophy how to live the true and the good life.

Archbishop Seghers of Alaska

ALVIN L. HERBER

A great new highway and the placement of troops and the din of battle are only a portion of the things which have aroused our interest in Alaska—and in one of her great heroes, the Archbishop.

Charles John Seghers was born the day after Christmas in Ghent, Belgium, in 1839. His parents died when he was very young, and he had to rely on the good will of an uncle to "foot" his expenses. In his native city, he attended the College of Ste. Barbe, and on October 1, 1858, entered the diocesan seminary. After finishing his studies at the American College in Louvain, he was ordained a priest in Malines, May 31, 1863. Three and one-half months later, on September 14, he left Belgium for the diocese of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and arrived in Victoria in November. Here he worked with Bishop Demers. The Bishop was not remiss in directing his priests, and Father Seghers was also given a share of these prescriptions. The young priest, always conforming his will to the holy Will of God, learned to look upon these corrections, which seemed a little biting at times, as something brought about by the strain of a bishop's life. But all in all, the Bishop thought very much of his assistant. "Oh, if I had only one more priest like him," he wrote to the American College. "He is so young and so kind."

Often the Bishop would leave the administration of his whole diocese in the hands of Father Seghers. The Bishop intended to go to South America to collect funds for building a cathedral. Before he could leave, however, he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. Since a milder climate would benefit him, he resolved to spend a few weeks in California, and proceed to South America when he felt better. Father Seghers managed things at home in his absence. Also, when the Bishop went to Rome, Father Seghers had ample opportunity to demonstrate his abilities.

Learning English was one of Father Segher's greatest accomplishments. A practical knowledge of that tongue was absolutely indispensable in his work among the people of Vancouver Island. He also studied Chinook, a language spoken by the natives.

But Father Seghers just couldn't keep his heart entirely with his work. His interest pointed more to missionary work with the Indians. As yet, the Alaskan Redmen, who were under the spiritual jurisdiction of Bishop Demers, had not been visited by a missionary of the diocese. Father Seghers longed for Alaska and the Indians. However, there was plenty to do at home, and the Bishop needed his services. There was nothing for Father Seghers to do but make the best of things.

Nor was he, simple and exalted as his ambitions were, in any condition

to challenge the ups and downs of Alaska. The young priest was anything but a physical specimen. In January, 1868, he was afflicted with hemorrhage of the lungs, quite obviously a handicap for a catechizer. He had been in delicate health before this. His illness did, however, get him a ticket to Rome. In 1869 Bishop Demers was called to the Eternal City to assist at the Vatican Council, and he figured that a change of scenery and climate might restore the health of his *confrere*. Consequently, Father Seghers accompanied the Bishop as his theologian at the Council, in all likelihood also hoping to stray to his relatives, since the opportunity would probably present itself. Once in Europe, he saw the Holy Father, Pius IX, and even visited Ghent.

In 1871, shortly after their return to Victoria, Bishop Demers died. Pius IX appointed Father Seghers to fill the vacant see, and he was consecrated Bishop on March 23, 1873. He visited the western shore of the Island, instructing and establishing missions. You may rest assured his itinerary included Alaska *and those Indians*.

Before long, Bishop Seghers was taken from this work and sent to Oregon City to help Archbishop Blanchet. By a brief of December 10, 1878, Leo XIII made him coadjutor, with the right of succession to the see of Oregon City. He arrived in Portland, July 1, of the following year. A little later, Archbishop Blanchet resigned, and thereby confined the charge of the archdiocese to his Coadjutor, who was now forty-one or forty-two years of age.

Preparatory to the Third Council of Baltimore, all American archbishops were summoned to Rome. Obeying the papal mandate, Archbishop Seghers left for Europe. In October, 1883, he stopped at Ghent, enroute to the Eternal City. He had an interview with Cardinal Simeoni, the Prefect of the Propaganda. They talked about a number of things, eventually bringing the diocese of Vancouver into the discussion. When Archbishop Seghers left Victoria, Bishop Brondel had succeeded him. However, he had just been transferred to the diocese of Helena, Montana, and consequently Victoria was without a bishop. The Archbishop had the solution to the Cardinal's problem, if His Eminence wanted to call it that. If they would ask him whom they should send, he would reply, "Here I am. Send me." Later, he actually presented this offer.

Perhaps the Archbishop thought he didn't express himself sufficiently well the first time. In the evening of the same day, he wrote a letter to the Prefect, again offering himself for Victoria and his forsaken children in Alaska. At length, Archbishop Seghers told his story to Leo XIII. The Holy Father was moved to tears when he heard this from the lips of the Archbishop and cheerfully approved. As a result, on March 7, 1884, he was reappointed to his former diocese.

Two years and four months later, aboard the *Ancón*, on July 13, 1886, the Archbishop with two Jesuit fathers, Aloysius Robaut and Pascal Tosi,

steamed toward Alaska. With them, the Archbishop took another man, a very unique character, by name, Francis Fuller. Fuller had been working at de Smet Mission in Idaho, and, upon hearing of their expedition into Alaska, expressed his desire to join the party. He was, however, subject to hallucinations, and for this reason, Father Tosi objected to having him in the party. He was always imagining himself being pursued by enemies. The Archbishop, however, didn't follow Father Tosi's suggestion, but told Fuller he should come along. The Archbishop figured that once Fuller was in Alaska, he would believe himself to be in safety; the steamer had no sooner left port, however, when Fuller said that his enemies had succeeded, that they had followed him, and were actually aboard.

On July 21 the little party had gone as far as they could go by water, and now followed the difficult portion of their journey. They sought Indians to help them carry their provisions over the "Divide." A bit of a rumpus followed. They got into an argument with the chief in which the chief became very insolent, gesticulating his finger in the face of the Archbishop, obliging him to step backwards several times. The little party got their Indians, however, and went on up the mountains.

At the end of four days, they reached Crater Lake, nine years to the day, July 26, 1877, that the Archbishop saw the Yukon for the first time. Between June 29, 1873, and June 29 of the following year, he had been north. In 1877 he spent over a year in Alaska. At another time, probably in 1879, he went to Sitka. This was his fourth and last—1886.

At Lake Lindeman, they set to building a raft. By this time, another man, Antoine Prevost, who did the cooking, was accompanying them. One day Father Tosi found him complaining of neuralgia. Accordingly he advised him to get some sleep, and told him he'd wake him in time to prepare the evening meal. It was getting late in the afternoon when Father Tosi went to call him. No cook. No Prevost. For three days they waited. Two miners helped them search for him, but they didn't find him. The Archbishop was much concerned over this incident. All Prevost had taken with him was a revolver. They thought he had deserted, but nothing more was ever heard of him.

The Archbishop's party had, by this time, joined a number of prospectors. At Lake Bennet, they agreed to transfer the provisions over the portage if the miners among them would build a scow for them. Ten days they carried provisions, the entire accumulation weighing around two and one-half tons; after several weeks, their scow was completed.

They passed the chain of lakes, and, in their clumsy but appreciated craft, descended the Lew's River to Miles Canon, where they faced the portage problem again. The goods aboard ship had to be taken off and transported for an entire mile along the bank of the river. When the

goods were ashore, Father Robaut and Mr. Fuller were ready to run the boat through the chasm. Shortly before they pushed off, however, the Archbishop stepped into the boat and seated himself in the bow, his watch in his hand, determined to share any danger to which his party might be exposed. They started on their way; three minutes, twenty-five seconds later, they brought the empty boat into the recoiling, milder waters of the canyon.

On September 7 they sighted Harper's trading post, where some fifty prospectors were camping for the winter. The Archbishop wrote a letter to the Vicar-General in Victoria, giving a full account of the journey thus far, and also mentioning "Brother Fuller." Fuller was not a Jesuit brother, nor any other, as a matter of fact, but the Archbishop very generously kept giving him that title.

Here at Harper's where the Lew's River joins the Stewart, the Archbishop made arrangements for splitting the party. He had heard that a Reverend Mr. Parker, wintering at the other end of the river, at St. Michael's, intended to settle at Nulato the next summer. Archbishop Seghers had already spent one winter there. He had told the Indians he'd return, and he intended to make good his promise. Nor did he want to neglect the interests of Indians along the upper parts of the river. Consequently, the Archbishop decided that Fathers Robaut and Tosi should remain at Harper's until spring, when they would proceed down the river to another trading post called Nukloroyet. The Archbishop and Fuller, on the other hand, were to set out immediately for Nulato, a full eleven hundred miles away. Father Robaut and Father Tosi were opposed to this idea, but the Archbishop decided it was best this way.

On September 8, the impatient Archbishop was on his way, but Nulato wasn't too easy to reach. Their route took them near the Arctic Circle—desolate and frigid. Great masses of ice came floating down the river. When the Archbishop and Fuller arrived at Nukloroyet, they could go no farther. They were still ten days this side of Nulato.

Now there was at Nukloroyet a trader, Walker, who was bitterly opposed to Catholic missions in the country. Likewise, there were two prospectors at the post with whom Fuller would talk a great deal. Fuller who became very intimate with Walker, was always complaining to the miners about the Archbishop. These two, in turn, sympathized with him, confirming him in his morose and obstinate ways.

When they had been for some time at Nukloroyet, the Archbishop decided to go to Tozikakat, just a short distance out of Nukloroyet, where he intended to build a small log cabin. When they had arrived, Fuller obstinately refused to work. After two weeks, they returned. On the way, Archbishop Seghers gave a furcoat, or parki, to a poorly clad and suffering Indian. Fuller, however, misconstrued the Arch-

bishop's action. When they arrived at Nukloroyet, he told his friends that he had caught the Archbishop bribing the Indians to injure him.

At another time, Fuller was out collecting firewood. He chanced to meet the miners and complained to them that he had such work to do. They offered a solution which seemed all right to him. Why work at all? Consequently, Fuller returned to the house and told the Archbishop that if he needed firewood, he could go cut it himself. He broke into a violent passion. Seizing his rifle, he aimed it at the Archbishop. Archbishop Seghers remained calm. He stood erect and gazed at Fuller, who, lowering his gun, turned and left the shack.

Archbishop Seghers realized now the danger which he had provided for himself. Fuller's intimate association with Walker and his dealings with the miners had already attracted the Archbishop's attention. Realizing the situation (the condition of Fuller), he looked for several men to take along with him. No one would go. Nearly all the possibilities had been exhausted. At length, he obtained two Indians to go along, Sennetoh and Koihatoy, who tended to the dog teams. A Russian trader at Melozikakat, Korkorin, when he saw how Fuller acted toward the Archbishop, said that he would have gone on with the Archbishop "if it had not been on account of his age and infirmities."

They advanced along the river, and, after much traveling, with but a day's journey before them, they camped at Yis-setla-toh, or Wolf-head Point. On a map, we would place them in the immediate vicinity of Koyukuk. The Indians had anticipated staying in an Eskimo earthen lodge, but they did not succeed in finding it. They came, instead, upon a number of cabins which were used during the salmon season, and put up for the night. It was Friday evening, and the Archbishop hoped to be at Nulato for Sunday. "God be praised!" he exclaimed. "It is the last day."

Fuller took this to mean it was the last day for him, that the Archbishop was going to kill him. He was sleeping nearest the Archbishop, while the Indians stretched out opposite. At a very early hour next morning, Fuller arose, went down to his sled, and fetched his rifle. Again in the cabin, he sent Koihatoy out to fill the teakettle with ice. When the Indian was gone, Fuller kicked the Archbishop, and told him to get up. Sennetoh, meanwhile, with his head still under the covers, heard all that was going on. Without a word, the Archbishop arose. As he slid into his squirrel-skin parki, Fuller leveled his rifle and fired.

Hearing this Sennetoh instantly sprang up. Fuller was ready to shoot a second time when Sennetoh wrested the gun from him. Outside, Koihatoy heard the gun discharge, and came running into the cabin. Each began questioning Fuller. They asked if he intended to kill them also. "No," he said, "I only wanted to kill that bad man." Leaving the body, the three went on to Nulato. The Indians there were deeply

stirred when they heard the tragic news, and, had it not been for the interference of a trader, they would have shot the affected assassin.

Later on, Fuller claimed he killed the Archbishop in self-defense. At the other end of the Yukon, at St. Michaels, he said "that the fact of shooting the Archbishop did not trouble his conscience in the least, but that he always felt much remorse for a thing which he had done some years before." When asked about this, he abruptly changed the subject and left the room.

Fuller had in his possession a letter of Walker's concerning which Walker said several times "he would give a thousand dollars to have his letter back." At St. Michael's, when the two were together again, a misunderstanding arose between them. "Remember," Fuller warned his obstructionist, "that if you do not keep your word and help me through, I have your letter still." A compromise followed. They exchanged their letters, and destroyed them.

A New Yorker at St. Michael's, a Mr. Waldron, asked Fuller one day whether or not he was a priest. "No," replied Fuller, "I am not good enough yet to be made a priest; after a few years I will be."

The chief agent of the Alaska Commercial, Henry Neuman, decided to send Fuller away. He entrusted him to a Canadian, Jean Beaudouin, who was to escort him to Andeieffski. Jean said that every Friday night Fuller would have fearful attacks running around the house and screaming that he had to be in Nulato by Sunday.

The self-asserting Yukon yielded to the gentleness of spring, and found Father Tosi and Father Robaut about to start for Nukloroyet, where they expected to meet the Archbishop. Joyfully they anticipated the reunion of their party. They were near Fort Yukon, however, when they were informed of the Archbishop's murder. Fuller had killed their leader. The best thing for them to do now was to go on to St. Michael's.

Both were confident another father would arrive, but when the *Dora* arrived at St. Michael's, no priest was aboard. Then, they decided that one of them should stay in Alaska and the other go to San Francisco on the *Dora's* return trip. When the *Dora* returned to Ounalaska, the captain of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* came aboard, asking about the assassin of the Archbishop. A meeting was held in the office of the agent, in which Father Tosi presented the facts. A warrant was accordingly made out for Fuller's arrest.

By this time, Sennetoh and Koihatoy had been brought down the Yukon. They were awaiting the *Bear* when Walker, determined to keep them from reaching Sitka, succeeded in frightening Koihatoy to such a degree that he ran off to the mainland. The *Bear* arrived July 7, 1887. A file of Marines came ashore, entered the office of the agency and asked for Fuller. He was handcuffed and led onto the small vessel. Sennetoh, one of the only two witnesses of the murder, went along with Fuller to

Sitka. The "Brother" was tried, and a decision made. He was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years in prison.

In 1891, on the other hand, Walker went to San Francisco. He intended to return to Alaska the following season, but his death in California prevented it.

Thus has America lost a man who died while trying to capture her soul. One writer refers to Archbishop Segher as finding the martyr's crown in Alaska. Again, the same author speaks of him as "on his way to martyrdom." Cardinal Gibbons gave him the title, First Martyr of Alaska. To his own bishop, he was "the priest according to the heart of the Lord, the zealous worker who had but one end in view, the glory of God and the honor and triumph of the Church."

Photography In War

THOMAS C. BURGER

Recall any or all of the startling, angled, cruel, inspiring or exasperating pictures you may have seen of this war; here is some of the technique behind them, that and a little more.

Every modern military operation depends largely on photography, a fact which rates the camera as one of the most potent weapons of this war. The pictorial press is full of striking photographs of war activities in all phases; photographs of operations, training, new weapons of war, civilian defense, industrial activities, and natural resources. These are the result of a deliberate effort to use photography as a means of conveying to the public a knowledge of what is going on. But by far the greatest number of photographs made are not shown to the general public at all. They have definite purposes in such things as training, instructing, providing information of value in planning the strategy of defense or attack, and recording the destruction wrought on the enemy, and the damage incurred to our own ships, aircraft, tanks, and other weapons during action.

The three branches of the armed services most concerned with photography are the Navy, the Army Air Forces, and the Signal Corps. All three use both still and motion pictures, and in addition the Navy and Air Forces make aerial photographs. The avowed policy of the Navy Department is to compile and preserve as complete as possible a photographic record of the war, and to apply photography to instruction, reconnaissance, and record. The Air Forces are concerned mainly with aerial photography for the Army, while the Signal Corps is responsible for the ground photography of the War Department.

Air photography gave much good service in the war of 1914-1918. The first air photographs were taken by observers who used ordinary cameras and leaned over the side of their open aircraft to get records of the enemy ground positions in trench warfare. The development of special air cameras was slow at first, but once the possibilities were recognized, the effort was intensified and at the outbreak of the present war an efficient and reliable instrument was produced by the RAF.

Since the beginning of the war, however, many modifications of the original aerial camera have been made, and a number of greatly improved instruments and accessories have been produced. Methods of controlling exposure while in flight include remote manual control and photoelectric control of the lens diaphragm. Gyroscopic mounts for completely auto-

matic cameras have been devised so that the camera remains vertical when the airplane tilts or tips. It is merely necessary to correct for drift, which can be done by remote control from the bombardier's compartment. Installations of aerial cameras in single-seater airplanes have been employed for low-altitude, high-speed reconnaissance photography. Several cameras can be grouped together to secure simultaneous photographs in several directions. In connection with this high-speed work, there have been revolutionary improvements in shutter design.

Night photography by flashbomb has been assisted by the introduction of new films of extremely high speed and new lenses of high aperture.

Very excellent aerial color photographs have been secured with new materials at altitudes up to 30,000 feet, and the problem presented by atmospheric haze at these high altitudes has been largely overcome. Such photographs are of great value in the identification of ground detail by virtue of its color contrast, and they are important for the detection of camouflage, since artificial colors register differently from natural colors.

The Air Forces and the Corps of Engineers have done much work on the photographic detection of camouflage. The methods include the use of infrared photography and other special films including color film, and the employment of new methods of viewing and printing stereoscopic aerial photographs for securing information about the ground relief.

Just recently a new discovery has been added to the world of color photography, which has the decided advantage over the use of color film. The Iriscope, a small instrument invented by Charles Arthur Birchfield, translates the black and white of film back into the natural color that the photographer saw when he was making the picture. Since the present color film available requires a processing that runs into many hours, the enemy camouflage experts may have a whole town repainted before the color slide is ready to be viewed by the photographic interpreter. Black and white film can be viewed within a few minutes after it has been taken, but then the artificial colors of camouflage and the natural colors cannot be distinguished as in color film.

This is where the Iriscope comes into play. The black and white film is processed as usual, but when viewed it is projected through the iriscope; this separates the black and white of the picture into its natural colors. This method gives the advantages of the speed in using black and white film, and also the natural and artificial color distinction that color film gives.

As yet, the Iriscope lacks the professional refinements, but government experts are busy bringing about the perfection of this great advancement in color photography.

"Photographic interpretation" may have an unfamiliar sound to civilian ears, but its meaning is simple. Briefly, it is the extraction of

tactical and strategical intelligence from aerial reconnaissance photographs by trained photographic interpreters. But while the meaning is simple, the task is not. It calls for unusual intelligence, good judgment, perseverance, highly specialized training, and a reference library.

When the photographer returns from a reconnaissance flight, on which are usually taken 250 to 500 pictures, the films are processed and the prints are made. The finished prints, which are clear and have plenty of details, are turned over to the photographic interpreter.

As the speed of action is one of the dominant factors of modern warfare, the photographic interpreter must have a quick, keen intelligence. Obviously it would be a waste of time to put in several hours of study on each picture, when only a few out of the 250 or more prints will reveal the information which the officers must know in order to plan military action.

When he has determined what are the "key" pictures, the photographic interpreter selects two that were taken in sequence, and places them under a standing stereoscope. Though taken with a still camera, these pictures can be used in a stereoscope, for the camera position is changed, due to the motion of the plane, between the exposures. Under the stereoscope, each object stands out in three-dimension relief, which may be over-emphasized at will by using pictures taken at more widely separated points. The stereoscope also affords considerable magnification, which is obviously needed, since among other findings, the interpreter must not only determine whether enemy armaments are shown in the photograph, but also the number and the types. He must try to determine if aircraft, tanks, and other large armaments are concealed under clumps of trees, or nets covered with foliage, etc. This is partially discovered by examining the ground for tracks about such locations.

Of course, a commander may wish to give enemy observers the impression of a strong armament and wheel planes and tanks back and forth over the ground to make many tracks. The means that are used for exposing this stratagem is a military secret.

The interpreter must also give the size and shape of an airdrome if present, the number, direction, dimensions, and surface of the runways, and the possible use of buildings near the airdrome. Besides this he must be able to pick out the supply lines of the enemy.

After he has discerned all information possible from the set of photographs, he must make a concise report of his findings to the officers who will base their next move on his report.

The photographic Laboratory of the Army Air Forces Materiel Center at Wright Field has made many developments in military aerial photography. The extreme cold encountered at high altitudes has led to the working out of methods for heating cameras. Special blankets which fit the cameras consist of heat-insulated covers into which are

sewn electrical heating wires. Another method is to use a loose-fitting cover into which warm air from the airplane exhaust heater is circulated. Thin michrome wires are stretched across the front of lenses and filters to form electrical heating elements which prevent deposition of dew or frost on the glass. To protect the crew themselves from the cold, special precautions are made to seal the camera opening in the plane against passage of air to the interior. In some cases, the photographs are actually made through a window of flat optical glass in the cabin floor.

Operating at high altitudes or in Arctic regions has led to the Army Air Forces developing methods of aerial and ground photography and processing operations under conditions of extreme cold weather and snow. On the other hand, methods of photography and processing under tropical and desert weather conditions of extreme heat and high relative humidity have been developed. Aerial film has been successfully processed, dried, and printed in the semi-tropics with temperatures as high as 100°F and a relative humidity of nearly 100 percent.

Speed is of vital importance if the best use is to be made of the information contained on the pictures, so special processing sections are pushed up as closely as possible to the actual front line. Magazines are dropped by parachute to avoid landing delay, and a special rapid process equipment is installed so that the Interpretation Officer may get prints within ten minutes of the magazine arriving at the processing station.

As the war progresses, photography is becoming a more important factor, and it indeed gives daily proof of the old Chinese proverb, "a picture is worth a thousand words."

Editorial

Discerning readers of current periodicals, such as *Thought*, *Commonweal*, *America*, *Modern Schoolman*, and *Virginia Quarterly*, have probably noticed articles written by Jacques Maritain, Walter Lippman, Gerald Phelan, or others on the need of freeing education from the bonds of electivism and of finding a vivifying principle for the whole curriculum. Perhaps what they have to say can be summed up most easily in the words of Mark Van Doren:

The student who can begin early in life to think of things as connected, even if he revises his view with every succeeding year, has begun the life of learning. The experience of learning is the experience of having one part of the mind teach another, of understanding suddenly that *this* is *that* under an aspect hitherto unseen, of accumulating, at an ever-accelerated rate, the light that is generated whenever ideas converge. . . . There are gaps or breaks for them, as for their professors, between poetry and mathematics, between science and ethics, between philosophy and politics; their advance through these "subjects" is not on a single front. . . .

Just a little further on he adds that "Doubtless all studies are one study in the end. But we do not know its name, and meanwhile we must be content with several names we have for its parts."

The answer sometimes offered in solution has been called integration. But here again educators have been content with "several names", or theories which cannot by their very nature be the center or whole for which they seek. To group all studies around the social life of man is a vain attempt to substitute a part for the whole. A convention of items around the "42nd parallel" is highly imaginative, perhaps even quaint, but it is not the unity of eternity nor the singleness of thought necessary to satisfy a searching mind.

We do know the oneness of all studies, the principle which makes the life of the mind whole or unbroken; it is, of course, Truth, or in greater accuracy, God. Further we do know its name, Religion or Theology, although there are many who will rebel at the thought.

If we do manage to admit the singleness, the unity of truth, we must do so in a positive manner. There is no complete satisfaction in the statement that any truth discoverable in the curriculum is not contradictory of any other truth in the world of learning. That is mouthing only the obvious. Beyond that minimum is the work of learning to understand how all individual truths, to the very degree that they are true, are reflections of the one Supreme Truth, the Divine Being. The course to that goal is undoubtedly difficult and trying,

but, surely, in seeking it we do not ask for too much, we do not probe a mystery, for God has given us the truths whereby we may integrate a living, breathing organism.

With His help and with the strenuous work of our poor minds we may gradually come to learn how the truth of nature, of the physical sciences, of the laws of energy and power, of life in the single cell and in the complexity of man, how all these can be more clearly seen in the Power, the Immutability, the Intelligence which is God. And these truths will help us to understand how God, the Creator Redeemer, and Sanctifier of man, is the ultimate explanation of the justice of social studies, the meaning of democracy and freedom, and the beauty of tragedy. The same God Who made the amoeba and the law of gravitation is the God Who guides the destinies of fighting men and inspires the mind of the creative poet. As a fact this is almost too apparent and simple, and yet it is the only true explanation of the meaning of learning. The fact that a given relation is not now clearly seen and understood and, most of all, expressed, does not in the least deny the validity of the basic fact.

Integration is in God, however slowly we come to the recognition and acknowledgment of that fact. Anything more is unthinkable, anything less is confusion and chaos.

Book Reviews

NORMAN E. KERCHNER

Out of the Silent Planet, by Clive Staples Lewis, The MacMillan Company, New York, 1943, 174 pp.

Although Mr. Lewis is Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, *Out of the Silent Planet* is not a book that would be expected to come from the pen of an English Literature teacher. It is something new in the literary field.

The chief character, Dr. Ransom, a philologist, is on a hiking trip. He meets two old acquaintances who drug and kidnap him. When he awakens, he finds that he is a prisoner of his "friends" aboard a spaceship bound for Mars—or as its inhabitants call it, Malacandra.

While on Malacandra he flees his captors and begins to learn the civilization of the three strange types of inhabitants of this strange planet. There were the poets and the songsters of Malacandra, the *Hrossa*; there were the miners, the *Pfiftriggi*; and there were the scientists and astronomers, the *Seroni*. These three were never at war.

When the inhabitants ask Ransom to describe the civilization on Earth he finds it very difficult to do so; "He did not want to tell them too much of our human wars and industrialism."

Mr. Lewis sets up the Malacandran civilization as the ideal civilization, a Utopia so to speak.

The book is more or less a modern version of Gulliver's Travels, with a space ship, men from Mars, and a mad scientist added. That is to say it is a combination of both satire and fairy tale. It will be enjoyed by both young and old; the young as a modern version of an adventurous fairy tale, the old as a bit of humorous satire—extraordinary.

Once you have begun reading the book, you will not want to lay it aside.

Another of Mr. Lewis' books, *The Allegory of Love*, was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1936.

Spanish Lady, by Maurice Walsh; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York, 1943, 326 pp.

WILLIAM A. VOLK

Is it a poetic love story you like, or does your taste veer to an exciting murder mystery? But why not have them both at one shot? This you have in Maurice Walsh's newest novel, *Spanish Lady*.

The setting is not Spain. It is a small, quiet glen of Scotland. And whom would we expect to be more suited to handle such a story than Maurice Walsh, who was born in Kerry county, who, as a youth wandered up and down Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, and who now lives just outside Dublin "within sound of the sea and sight of the hills?"

As true to form as ever, the author here gives us realistic and vivid pictures of the "wild and lonely glens" of Scotland. After reading Walsh's book one feels as though he would feel at home should he find himself suddenly placed in a similar glen of Scotland.

Walsh cleverly brings in the angle of sport. Mountain climbing, trout fishing, sword play — all these we see depicted in such fashion as to quicken the pulse of the lover of any of these sports.

The author chooses an intriguing plot to keep our closest attention throughout the novel. Don Diego Usted, a South American, makes his first visit to Scotland, his mother's native country, when he is on sick leave from Commando Service. There, under the clever supervision and guidance of his dominant, talkative, but lovable Aunt, "Big Ellen", and his silent, warm-hearted, and wise Uncle Hamish McLeod, he finds himself cured in body and soul, both of which were in a bad condition.

But he finds something more. He finds a young lovely red-head, bearing Spanish blood in her veins, as Usted does in his. The love that quickly envelopes these two of the romantic Spanish blood, living in a foreign land, is brought to a climax as tragedy enters in the form of murder. The last hundred pages of the novel are spent in solving the mystery of the murder, the suspense growing more intense as each page is turned.

Mary Darlin'. By Evelyn Voss Wise. D. Appleton Century Co. New York, 257 pp.

DONALD J. GREEN

It is the courageous spirit of a woman — Mary Grady — which gives the energy of this story. Although its contents have nothing of distinct greatness, or of marvel, *Mary Darlin'* yet will make you feel and experience the very life which Mary herself portrays; it will furthermore depict for your interest, the struggle and uphill fight of medical doctors and nurses at the turn of the last century.

What actually molds the theme of this novel, is the way Mary Grady vanquishes the bruises and tragedies in her life, because her mind and heart know not the word: "defeat." At the early age

of sixteen she is left alone with her three year old sister, as her family is buried alive in a dynamite blast. She picks up life again, by placing her sister in a convent, while Mary herself begins a long career as a nurse in a small community hospital in Minnesota; here she meets and falls in love with Doctor Charles Doran, who soon leaves her, to spend two years in studying abroad in Europe. And Mary continues on with her work in the hospital among the needy sick and infirm.

Evelyn Voss Wise knows how to tell her story — to the point, yet pictorially; her simple style makes vivid enough the characters throughout the book, while neither does needless detail or ten cent sentimentalism jar the equilibrium of it.

Mary Darlin' shows how the Catholic spirit in a novel can flow from true artistic creation, rather than have it pushed down the readers' throats with all this moralizing oil. Indeed, we are inspired by the faith of Mary Grady, which speaks for itself.

All in all, this novel will fill out our requirements for a good story, ably told, and fairly well dramatized. You may find its plot naive and simple; its description, at times, matter of fact and rushed — but you won't find any reason to say that *Mary Darlin'* has not its qualities of characterization and interest of life itself.

The House of Bread by C. J. Eustace. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1943, 159 pp.

ROBERT W. GLASSMEYER

This book was written to help those who may be thinking of joining the Catholic Church. The author found in the church the confirmation of all that he had previously believed about God. For that reason alone it is worthy of consideration.

Born and educated in England, Eustace came to Canada in 1925 where he was employed in a bank. He gave this up to become a successful short story writer. At present he is educational editor of J. M. Dent and Son. He also writes articles for Catholic magazines.

This gentleman, like so many converts, was drawn to the Church through the circumstance of his coming marriage to a Catholic. He went to a priest to learn about and receive God, as it were, but the priest handed him a catechism. This angered him because he thought such a book was too simple for a man of his mental ability. He tried and investigated every other church from the Anglican to the Holy Roller. He finally came back, humbly, to the Catholic Church after realizing that he was not completely self-sufficient.

The author clearly shows that every convert joins the church because he finds the living Christ in the Church plus a magnificent intellectual and theological motive for Faith. In other words, there is a unity of faith in the Catholic Church that is lacking elsewhere. Realizing the fact, Mr. Eustace made a serious study of Catholic doctrine (in St. Thomas, Maritain, and others) and broadened his understanding immensely. He feels free to criticize the Church for its commercialism, overdone social affairs, politics, and complacency. Not enough emphasis is put on divine things, where the chief job of Catholicism is the redemption of souls. It seemed to me that he here generalized too much in spite of the basic truth of his position.

The anti-Christian forces will be the chief influence on society after the War. Many people think that a Christian reorganization of society will follow the present conflict. Mr. Eustace very candidly says that this cannot be done until the individuals themselves go through a personal reformation. One of the most startling facts of the book to me was that there are over seventy million unbaptized people in this country from a total of one hundred and thirty millions.

Further, according to the author, since the Reformation our own religion has taken on some of the characteristics of Reformation, in some individuals. Emphasis is placed upon morals as the total fulfillment of the law. Lofty morality, however, is not the sole key to spiritual perfection. Dogma, too, has its place.

It would profit anyone to read the book for it touches upon many of the prominent questions of the day. The piece, however, becomes rather monotonous at times because of the author's constant praise of England and English customs. He finally, however, admitted that nationalities count for very little in the end. In general, it is a fine book written by a pious man for the enlightenment of all.

Critical Notes

PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH. C.P.P.S.

The thoughts of these pages are comparable to a stream, now thin and trickling, now full and steady, satisfactory, however, if they serve for any kind of irrigation whatsoever; or they are glowing bits of iron meant for the anvil, which are beaten in the smithy of meditation sometimes only with careful precision, sometimes with ease and simplicity. In the full event the glow is the thing to capture, that and some little of the plan of the blacksmith; but the anvil is yours—and the energy.

* * * *

In all the worry and tribulation over the future of the liberal arts in education there is a fact which is constantly forgotten.

The technical experts who are to come back to us after the war will be so numerous and so equally alike (in their specific field of training), that a liberal education will be the only thing left for them to differentiate themselves. So intense will be the competition in purely scientific and mechanical lines, that something personal, a development of the other faculties of man, will be the only distinguishing feature of many of these young men. We shall again be interested not merely in the expert but in the expert who is a real man, who leads something of the full life.

There is nothing prophetic about this statement; it follows quite simply from the fact, admitted in a number of magazines, that the success of many young officer candidates came from their general ability to think and learn, not from a specific acquaintance with technicalities. The demand was not for master-gunners, or engineers, or radio experts, but for young men who could learn these things and be, likewise, leaders, gentlemen, and thinkers. No greater tribute is needed for a liberal education.

* * * *

At least part of the discussion on the subject of liberal education can be found in the now-standard works of Hutchins, Wriston, and of others. More recent additions are Mr. Neff's work on unity in the university, *Thomistic Principles in a Catholic College* from St. Thomas College, and the new *Liberal Education* of Mark Van Doren. To augment this are many recent articles of Jacques Maritain, a few in the *Modern Schoolman*, and some writings by Dr. Gerald Phelan. All of these may prove of value to many who are interested in the subject of vital education in our modern day.

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When the talk about education turns to the subject of the use of

a reading list of great books, there are those who think that the argument or proposal deserves no attention whatsoever. Perhaps their own position is not clear to them.

Would they, for example, admit that it is far better to have a close acquaintance with, (rather, a solid knowledge of) many plays of Shakespeare than it is to know much about many writers of far less importance? Do they remember how much more can be found on a page of Shakespeare, of deep thinking, of imagery, of emotion and pathos, of characterization, of meaning and suggestion, than of any other one author? Do they prefer the Greeks of Homer, or those of a handy and brief textbook of history? Is Dante something of or from the Middle Ages? Is *Don Quixote* nothing more than the tale of a horse and two men, one fat and the other thin? Answers to these may help to put punch and verve into an argument which might, if we yield to temptation, otherwise be cast aside with no thought or investigation. It is so easy to be glib.

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If God is Truth and God is Beauty, perhaps there are a number of Catholic masterpieces which will help us to come to a deeper knowledge of this fact. Perhaps: St. Augustine's *City of God*, or some of the great Encyclicals, or More's *Utopia*, or something of Cardinal Newman, or St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus, or Mendel, or many others.

The suggestion is academic enough to be harmless even in the event of arousing some discussion.

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This talk of books brings up the thought, once more, of the subject of Catholic Pocket Books. A start has been made and that is encouraging; further, the secular or profane press has set up a record in the field which may prove to arouse the curiosity of some more of our Catholic publishers. At any rate, many Catholic books remain expensive: some of Newman, the prose of Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Patmore, in fact, all the more complete anthologies, and many other works whether in the field of prose or poetry.

If these few words do not succeed in provoking action, perhaps they can start thought rolling on a significant problem.

* * * *

New books are crying to be written: a book without fear, particularly in these our days, about fear being conquered by the Love of Christ, its only Conqueror; a book of biographies of some of our prominent laymen, something to counteract the strong clerical emphasis; a book on the danger of planning a materialistic peace (this for an expert with a pen of fire); a book that discusses thoroughly the subject of Catholic Drama and so for many more.

Critics have set forth in some detail the language of some of the arts, of painting, sculpture, and architecture; they have explained in hand-books the use and the meaning of the horizontal line, the vertical, the circle, the triangle, the curved and the jagged line, and other details; but where and what is the language of music? How does this auditory art set down its ideas, what is the medium of expresion? A composition that is slow says something different from one that is fast, and so Tempo must have some importance in interpretation. The third beat of a waltz is not the same as the stepping time of a march, which is accounted for by rhythm. A close melody and a distant arrangement of notes have far different connotations. Here is a field which seems to need great exploration and deep thought; so far I have been able to find no help in the usual and latest books on the subject of musical interpretation.

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If in the inscrutable Ways of God's Loving Providence this should be the last issue of MEASURE for some little time, we all humbly acknowledge and submit to that Will. According to God's plan, we pray, the quarterly will again come to life with new-born vigor and zeal.

My own modest hope has been that our Magazine, like a gem, has caught in one or two facets something of the brilliance of learning, and, like a tinder, it has kindled with the flame of Catholic Action, and, like a string, it has vibrated to the song of beauty, but whether these stumbling figures of a cord, a stick, and a stone are true or not, the will has been there to serve Christ and His Church under the guidance of Catholic education and with the invocation of the Precious Blood.